

We Recorde

Published by Students of Puget Sound University.



... The ...

Young Women's Edition

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Ye Recorde

VOL. VI.

TACOMA, WASH., APRIL, 1901.

No. 6-7.

HOW WE CLIMBED MT. TACOMA.

It was the middle of the month of August. The glory of the summer's sun shone round about "Camp Perfection."

This was our fourth day in Paradise Valley, and we were becoming somewhat accustomed to the inconveniences with which every one must meet who takes this delightful trip. Breakfast

was nearly ready, when the hearts of twenty-three hungry people would be made glad; but just at this moment some one announces that two persons are coming from the hotel toward

our camp. Excitement runs high and we prepare to give them a hearty welcome as is the usual custom in this uninhabited portion of the world. After conversing with them for a short time we learned that they were trying to make up a party to climb the mountain. They informed us that the guide would not make the ascent for less than fifty dollars, that there were three people from the hotel who were willing

to pay five dollars each, and that in order that all might share alike we must have at least seven from our camp. At first there were eight who wished to make the ascent, but before the time came for us to give our decision there were only five. I was the only woman and I felt sure that had it not been for the small number who wished to go they would kindly have suggested that I would better remain in camp.

After parleying with the guide he finally consented to make the trip for forty dollars, and we commenced at once making preparations as we were to start at 12 o'clock sharp. We dressed in

our warmest clothing, wore heavy shoes and kid gloves, as we could not well use our alpine stocks with mittens on our hands. To protect our eyes from the brightness of the snow, we wore dark glasses. Instead of wearing veils, which are warm and make breathing more difficult, we decided to paint our faces. From the colors blue, green, gold, red, and pink, we chose the pink. Some of the more fastidious



ones placed a cross of a different color on each check.

Every person was allowed one pair of blankets, and we were given the choice of the best in camp.

After eating a light lunch, we were now ready to go to Theosophy Ridge, on which the hotel is situated and from which the party was to start. Perhaps the saddest part of the trip was saying goodby to those left behind, many of whom were unwilling that we should make the journey.

On reaching the hotel our baggage was taken and together with the provisions and enough wood to cook a scant supper and breakfast, was strapped on a little white pony that was to be taken as far as Camp Muir and then turned loose to find its way back to the hotel. We were now ready to begin the journey, and before going farther I must introduce you to the members of the party. In the lead was Gabriel (so called because of a horn that he always carried with him), a large, fine looking fellow, and perhaps the strongest man in the party; next came Dr. Bill (the reason for his non de plume would best not be given here), who was small, strong enough to care for himself, but brave enough to care for a dozen; then came Gentleman Joe, medium size, not particularly strong, not handsome, but one in whom we had implicit confidence. If there was a dangerous place to be crossed and Gentleman Joe said it was safe, we passed over without a word. Now came Mrs. B—, a small but ambitious little woman, never anticipating that we would meet with any dangers, and always ready to enjoy everything that was done for our amusement. Then came her husband, tall and very thin, and from his actions we thought he would be less able to reach the summit than his wife. Next was Mr. George, medium height, not very robust, exceedingly quiet, but ever ready to lend a helping hand to those who were

more tired than he. Next came "That Man Smith," a very large, robust looking person, but the most cowardly human being it had been our misfortune to meet. Last but not least was the guide, a tall, lean looking man, hair streaked with gray, face burned and hardened by the exposure endured on his many trips to the summit. Notwithstanding he was between fifty and sixty years of age, he was as nimble as a boy of ten. His feet seemed to cling to the rocks like barnacles.

After traveling about two miles we came upon the other members of our camp who were on their way to visit the Nisqually Glacier. They cheered us on our way by giving the camp yell and three cheers for the "Tip-Top Party."

The sun had been shining all morning making the snow very soft, and walking exceedingly difficult.

Gabriel set the pace and we followed directly in his footsteps. He always informed us, if he found a spider or fly, just what its physical condition was. The last fly was found at about twelve hundred feet and the last living thing, a butterfly, at Gibraltar Rock, about thirteen hundred feet. We usually rested when we had traveled a mile or thereabout. The gentlemen would make a tripod of three alpine stocks in which Mrs. B— and I could rest.

Before we were half way to Camp Muir, the sky was covered with angry looking clouds, and the roaring of the thunder increased the awfulness of the situation. However we were reassured by the guide that there was not going to be a storm in our locality.

When near Camp Muir, we turned to the right to view that fatal rock on which Professor McClure lost his life a few years ago. At five o'clock we reached the camp, which was a bleak, cold place where the wind blew a regular gale.

The gentlemen of the party declared

that they were not tired, but I half believed they were not telling the truth.

Mrs. B—still had breath enough to laugh heartily at the jokes, but I was forced to acknowledge that I was too tired to appreciate even their keenest wit. The guide wasted no time but soon relieved the horse of his burden, turned him loose, and began at once to build a fire. Soon he had supper ready, which consisted of oat meal, bread and butter, and canned tomatoes, not an elaborate bill of fare, to be sure, but more than we wished. As he had only three cups and two spoons it was with difficulty that we finished the meal. While Mrs. B—and I ate, the men made a stone wall for a shelter and leveled off the sand for a sleeping place. The guide was thoughtful enough to place the hot rocks from the fire around our feet. Over the top of the bedding they placed a rubber blanket. But, with all these precautions it was impossible, utterly impossible to keep warm.

After we were snugly tucked up in our blankets, Gentleman Joe set up his camera for a picture. Just as we were again getting quiet Dr. Bill began, "What is that white object over there on McClure Rock? A mountain goat as sure as you live! Say, Carter, (that was the name of the guide) Isn't that a mountain goat?" Carter says, "I guess you're right and mighty lucky you are to get the chance of seeing one. Not one party out of ten have the opportunity." By this time we were all half sitting up, resting on our elbows, gazing intently at the white object, and wondering why it did not move. It turned out to be only a white flag, which some one had left there. All was now silent again, but only for a short time. For eight people wide awake and shivering with the cold, to keep quiet was out of the question. The guide remonstrated, but all to no avail.

Mr. Smith told many pathetic stories of his wife and two babies at home, assuring us again and again that if he turned back it was for them and not because he was afraid.

We were not far above the clouds and from the great number of meteors which could be seen we thought we must be very near the stars. Not a sound could be heard save the crackling of the glaciers.

At four o'clock the guide arose and began to prepare breakfast. Cold as we were we were not glad to be disturbed. The rocks and bedding were covered with ice; there was not even fire enough to warm our hands. Most of us were too miserable to eat, but some managed to swallow a little hot milk. At five o'clock we began the ascent proper. We were arranged in the following order: the guide, Mrs. B—, Gabriel, myself, Gentleman Joe, Dr. Bill, Mr. George, and Mr. Smith.

The snow was frozen in steps about two feet high; in some places it was solid ice and the guide, with a small hatchet which he carried with him, would be compelled to cut steps.

When we had gone about half a mile I began to be alarmed, for I felt that I was getting sick. I dared not mention it for fear they would say that I must turn back. How I longed to be back in camp or even at home assisting with the family washing! But now to offer one word of complaint meant to be classed with Mr. S—, who had the ill will of the whole party. I tried bravely to brace up and think that there was nothing the matter, but my faith was not strong enough. I told them that I thought I was getting too warm and would better take off my sweater. Again we started on but had gone only a short distance when my head began to fall forward and I was forced to say that I was sick. The guide came back and said encouragingly that that was the fate of a great many and that I should be all right

after resting a few minutes which proved to be true. It was strange how deceiving the distances were at this height. Gibraltar Rock seemed to be not more than a block away, and yet we walked a mile and a half before reaching it. How strange it seemed to have immense icicles hanging all about us! Our climb around the rock was accomplished with difficulty on account of the sand and stones giving way under our feet. At the most dangerous place a rope is stretched from one large rock to another, about one hundred and fifty feet distant; this has been there for some seven or eight years. Gabriel was helped across first and by the aid of his alpine stock fastened securely one end of the life line. The rope was now placed around the waist of the person who was to be taken across. Just as I was about half way over this place there was an awful avalanche not a hundred yards away.

After getting around Gibraltar we found the ascent to be more perpendicular than any we had encountered up to this time. Here the snow was frozen in steps as before but so far apart that we were compelled to climb up on our knees and draw ourselves up by the life line. Mrs. B—now began to be effected by the altitude. She was unable to go more than half a dozen steps before her head would fall forward and she would lose her footing. She begged them to let her stop, but to rest here was impossible. Gabriel, who had thought it such a delightful trip up to this time, now began to complain of a head-ache and dropped back on the life line. For the last hour we had heard nothing from Dr. Bill.

Presently Mr. S—began to sing, "God be with you till we meet again." Every one was discouraged. The summit looked just as far as at the beginning. Mr. B—thought that they ought not hold the whole party back and begged us to go and leave them;

but then and there it was unanimously agreed that we should all reach the summit or no one would reach it. We were now near a large crevice, over which we must cross on a narrow ice bridge or go a long way around. The guide thought that we would risk it. Our instructions were not to look downward, to see that our alpine stocks were firmly planted in the ice, and if the bridge gave way to hold fast to the life line. We almost held our breath until all were safely across. The guide now said that we were only a short distance from the summit. Would we ever reach it! But before an answer could be given there was a shout from Gentleman Joe and we knew that the goal had been reached.

M. L. HERRIOTT.



TROUBLE IN THE CHOIR.

There was trouble in the choir—very serious trouble. To be sure this was not very unusual of late, but if John Olesen had been a little less good-natured and easily influenced, it might never have occurred.

John Olesen and Mary Anderson had been friends from childhood. He had fought her battles and she had soothed his ruffled feelings from the time they were in pinafores. From roly-poly youngsters who had run hand in hand to school, he had grown to be a big, broad-shouldered young fellow, with a frank, honest face, and blue eyes brimming over with fun; while she was a tall, fair-haired girl, very quiet and sedate, but possessing a fund of reserve force undreamed of by even her closest friends. As they had grown older their friendship had ripened into something more than that term implies, and for several months they had been looking forward to a day when their lives would be joined as one, and he could once more fight her battles, while she would be his home maker and helpmeet.

They had sung together in the choir of the little Swedish church on the north side of Chicago for two or three years, when one Sunday a little, dark-eyed stranger slipped in to the morning service. Her clear soprano voice was noted by the organist, who had been seeking for an addition to his choir. After service, by virtue of his position, he introduced himself, and after a short conversation he turned to the other members of the choir and presented "Miss Lilian Neil, who has consented to take the place of leading soprano in our choir." Every one was delighted; the members of the choir rejoiced in their good fortune, and she and Mary Anderson were soon warm friends.

Soon it began to be noticed that the vivacious little woman was most charming when John Olesen was in the company, and that John, wavering in his devotion to Mary, was being attracted by the stronger personality of Lilian Neil. Stung by his unexplained fickleness, Mary gave back to him the ring she had worn so lovingly, saying that she thought it was better so, at least until he was sure of his own mind. His protests were in vain and so the first separation took place.

Lilian spent the summer with friends in another part of the state. When she returned the little gold band again gleamed on Mary's finger. But before two months had passed it had disappeared, as John had once more fallen under the spell of Lilian's charming presence.

There were several quarrels and reconciliations during the winter, but the ring remained in John's vest pocket, a constant reminder of the girl whom he had so lightly treated.

In the early summer John was taken sick and, by order of his physician, went to Arizona. He left no address with his Chicago friends, and soon there appeared in the "Personal" column of the "Times-Herald" the following notice:

"J. O., who went to Arizona for his health, will confer a great favor by sending his address to M. A., Chicago."

Thinking that as a practical joke Lilian Neil had had the notice inserted, Mary's friends were very indignant and one of them placed a copy of the paper in her hands. Usually very quiet and placid, the girl was now thoroughly roused. At their next meeting she openly accused Lilian of having had the notice inserted. Lilian stoutly denied the charge, declaring that Mary's friends had laid a trap in which to catch her.

Excitement ran high. The trouble had spread beyond the choir, which threatened to disband, and a church quarrel was imminent. With troubled heart the pastor had watched the quarrel grow, being powerless to stop it; but now he had something tangible with which to work. Taking a copy of the paper, he went to the office of the "Times-Herald," met the manager, stated the case, and found from what suburban office the item had come. Then, armed with a letter of introduction to the druggist in charge of the office, back he went to the North Side. There, among the druggist's papers, was found the original of the "Personal."

"There is quite a little story in connection with it," said the druggist. "Do you remember Anson, the book-keeper, who disappeared quite suddenly two or three months ago?"

"Yes," said the pastor, wondering where the connection was.

"Well, owing to the peculiar condition of his accounts he thought that Arizona might be more healthful for him than Chicago, so, taking his wife into his confidence, he left under an assumed name. Margaret Anson—," but the druggist gazed in astonishment as the broad back of the Rev. Earl Berglund vanished through the open door.

VINNIE A. PEASE.

SPRING FEVER.

The days are growing long and bright,
It rains, but usually at night;
The students longingly gaze afar
And wishfully wish that there were no bar
Of school to hinder straying.

Their bicycles gleam in the sun's warm rays,
And mockingly hint of the coming days,
When, away from the hum and buzz of
school,

Their lessons will suffer and pleasure will
rule
Them all—for a season.

Surely was such an afternoon
Made for such an extravagant boon
As *sine* and *co-sine*, Latin rules,
Der, die, das or other jewels
Of worth—and learning?

O, I long for violets in numbers untold,
For the gay little buttercup's gleaming gold,
That shines like the stars on prairies green,
Where far as you look they can be seen,
In profusion—bye and bye.

O the sweet deer tongue and trillium
daring!

For the lady slipper, too, I'm caring!
They are singing and ever trying to say,
Don't you see that the spring has come this
way—

And the earth is waking up?

—E. E. L.

ROBERT BRUCE.

Robert Bruce, the most heroic of Scottish kings, was born on the twenty-first of March, 1274. He was brought up in the court of Edward I., and it is said that at different times he fought against the Scots and took the part of the English, but he did not forget that his grandfather had had the next right to be king of Scotland, and that he was his grandfather's heir. Edward watched Bruce very closely, but one morning, about six months after Wallace's death, he was missed from the English court. There had been some words between him and King Edward, and there had also been some words dropped by Edward, which made Bruce's friends think he was in danger, but no one dared to tell him. One

day he received as a present from a friend, a sum of money and a pair of spurs. He was quick enough to take the hint and long before morning he, with only two followers, was far on his way to Scotland. As there was snow on the ground, he was afraid he might be discovered by the marks of the horses' feet, so he ordered three horses to be shod with the shoes reversed, which made the foot-prints look as if the horses were going the other way. He got safely away, and did not stop till he reached Scotland.

There was never a man more fitted to take the lead and free his country than Bruce was. Like Wallace, he was tall, strong, and handsome; like him, too, he was capable and full of ideas, he was cheerful, hopeful, and good-natured; kind and considerate to women and those weaker than himself. He was well educated, and could read and write, which was a rare thing in those days. He was a good knight, for he had been well trained by Edward. On reaching Scotland he met his cousin, John Comyn, the possible rival. They had a stormy interview in a church, and Bruce, in a fit of passion stabbed Comyn with his dagger, then rushing out, he told his friends that he was doubtful that Comyn was dead. "Then we make sikker (sure)," said his friends, and hurrying into the church, they killed Comyn and his brother, who had come to his aid.

In a spirit of defiance Bruce at once hastened to Lochmaber Castle and claimed the crown. Two months later he was crowned king of Scotland.

For a time things did not go on very smoothly. An English army now attacked Bruce, compelling him to retreat into the wilds of Athole. At Dairy he was again defeated, and fled to the little island of Rathlin, on the north coast of Ireland, where he remained during the winter. During his absence, all his estates were confiscated, and himself and adherents ex-

communicated by the pope's legate at Carlisle.

In 1307, with about three hundred men, Bruce landed in Carrick, and at midnight surprised the English garrison in his own castle at Turnberry; but his army was small in comparison with the English, and he retired to the mountainous districts of Ayrshire. Still he never lost courage, for he had a faithful band of friends, who loved and trusted him with all their hearts.

Many stories of Bruce in the Highlands are delightfully told by Sir Walter Scott in "Tales of a grandfather," but none of them were ever published till after Bruce's death.

As long as Edward lived no one could tell which would conquer, he or Bruce, but he was getting old now and it was hard for him to fight. Still he would not give up, and made another attempt to reach Scotland, but died when within three miles of the border. He gave his dying commands to his son, but they were not fulfilled.

Edward II. was not at all like his father, and did not seem to care what became of Scotland. He marched a little way into Scotland, but gaining nothing of importance, he turned back into England.

More and more of the Scottish nobles now gathered round Bruce, and he pressed harder upon the English. His principal helpers were his brother Edward, his nephew Randolph, and his friend Lord James of Douglas. All these vied with each other in deeds of heroism, and soon they had done so much that the English had no place of any importance left to them but Stirling Castle, and that was closely besieged by the Scotch.

The English now made a great effort to save that fortress and win back their lost ground. Edward II. marched into Scotland at the head of a great army of 100,000 men. Bruce had not one half that number, but he had his brave Douglas and Randolph at his side.

The armies met near Stirling Castle, by the side of a brook, called Bannockburn, in 1314. Every one in Bruce's army seemed to have the heart of a hero, and in spite of the mighty English horsemen and the far-famed English archers, the Scotch won a triumphant victory. Never before or since have the English been so utterly defeated. The king fled for his life and escaped safely to England, and most of his men were left dead or taken prisoners.

After this great battle Bruce's success was complete.

At last a treaty was signed at Northampton in 1328, fully acknowledging the independence of Scotland, and her king. His warfare was accomplished, and, suffering under the dreadful disease of leprosy, spent the last two years of his life at Cardross Castle, on the northern shore of the Firth of Clyde.

He died on the seventh of June, 1329, in the fifty-fifth year of his life and the twenty-third year of his reign, leaving a name behind him, which is as dear to the Scotch nation as that of Alfred is to the English.

ETHEL REVELLE.



Your musical friends can be easily pleased, as a visit to Tayler's Music Store, 910 C Street, will show. Come and talk to us.

Why all this gloom and sadness among the young ladies?

Mr. A. told Miss X., Miss X. told Miss Z., Miss Z. told Miss Q. and so on until every girl in school has heard that Mr. A. has never met his "ideal."

Prof. B., in zoology class:—"Miss Herriott is going to donate her hare to this class."

Mr. M.:—"Her hair? Why, is it detachable?"

Then there was a murmur about a Belgian hare.

Ye Recorder

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Entered in Post-Office at Tacoma as Second-Class Matter.

NEXT month YE RECORDER will be left to the tender mercies of "those boys." They have already organized, which accounts for the lines of care that mark their brows. We wish them success, and hope that the wrinkles are not permanent.

FOR the first time in its history of six years, YE RECORDER is sending out a "Young Women's Edition," and it is with the confidence born of repeated success in other lines that the young women have taken hold of this new work.

"We have no precedent," said someone a few days ago. To be sure we have none, but in these days of beginnings we are establishing precedent. The work we have put into YE RECORDER this year is part of the foundation on which will stand our College paper of the years to come. The trend of the paper now is marking the lines within which its future work will be done.

And so we hope that in the "Young

Women's Edition" we are taking a step in advance, and that in succeeding years the young women of the school will come more and more into vital touch with one of the greatest helps in their College life—the College paper.

WHEN it was suggested in Staff-meeting that the March and April numbers of YE RECORDER be united, and that the resulting March-April edition be published entirely by the young women, ye editor was doubtful. When it was further suggested that the following number be published by the young men, ye editor heartily endorsed both plans. She sighed with relief as she thought of two whole months free from the worries of an editor's life. But when the girls met to choose their staff, she was informed that her five months' "experience" was invaluable, and that on no account would she be allowed to leave the Editorial chair.

So the same old editor, with spectacles astride of her nose, has mercilessly marked out, and cut down, and pruned up the stacks of copy that have been handed in by her faithful assistants, and has wearily climbed the Ninth Street hill with reams of proof ready for the same old blue pencil.

CONVENTION NOTES.

The Tacoma District Epworth League Convention convened at Central Church the 2nd, 3rd and 4th of April.

The first evening a very scholarly and instructive sermon was preached by Dr. R. C. Glass of Olympia.

Wednesday morning the convention organized, and in the afternoon numerous

papers were read, and talks given, each of which were followed by lively discussions. In the evening Dr. Givler preached.

Thursday morning the district officers were elected, and four of the present cabinet are students at the university. Following the business of the morning Prof. Boyer gave a talk on "Our School." A number of the university students were present and responded with several rousing college yells.

At noon a luncheon was served by Central Chapter which was seemingly enjoyed by the hungry wayfarers.

During the afternoon papers and talks, followed by discussions, were the order of the day.

After the evening sermon, given by Rev. M. C. Reed of Bremerton, the convention adjourned.

All report a profitable time.

SOME IDEALS.

MY IDEAL COLLEGE STUDENT.

The ideal college student is not necessarily the one with the best lessons or the most handsome appearance, but one who makes an honest effort to master every lesson, who takes an active interest in everything that pertains to the general college welfare. A foot ball game, base ball game, or track event—he is there to encourage, in so far as he is able, his own team. One who, when someone asks him about his school, instead of saying, "O, it's alright, but—" and proceeds to pick flaws, shows his best advantages.

The one who joins the literary society, attends every meeting, and does the work assigned him, and does not stay away and then flare up because he is fined according to the constitution by which he has agreed to abide.

The one who DOES things and does them thoroughly, not with the idea that if he makes seventy-five per cent. he will pass, but who does things for what he can get out of them, that will benefit him.

These are a few of the qualities of the ideal student.

A. S. W.

MY IDEAL COLLEGE PROFESSOR.

My ideal college professor is first of all great souled and broad-minded, altogether in love with and enthusiastic over his work. He should be just, kind and patient with all who are willing and trying to learn; the indolent and careless should either become changed to the former class of students, or be dropped. He should be always ready to explain, but strict in holding students to account.

MY IDEAL COLLEGE GIRL.

She must love her neighbor as herself. Whatever she undertakes, be it lessons, athletics, or society, she will "push" it to the best of her ability. Will be able to cook something besides "fudge." She must be vivacious and ambitious, as well as thoughtful of others.

BOB.

Sweet and winsome as she looks,
But does not care a cent for books.

Which one?

Y. A. W.

My ideal college girl would have plenty of good common sense. Besides this she would possess that rare gift of making everyone in her presence perfectly at ease. Her politeness would not be assumed but perfectly genuine, direct from a warm heart. But especially must she be a good student. She would thank the professor for assigning a page and a half of Greek; she would appreciate the beauty of a proposition in conic sections and rejoice in college algebra.

[No others need apply.]

W. A.

MY IDEAL COLLEGE BOY.

He must be manly-gallant to ladies, old and young; courageous among his fellows, morally and physically.

He must be athletic—not necessarily long and broad, but strong and fleet. He must be honest in business, in class work, in society. He must love the home folk and honor with right habits, clean conversation, and helpful enthusiasm, his associates, men and women. Finally he need not be an intellectual meteor but he must

be inoculated with that brand of the scholar—a desire to know the truth.

A. G. M.

Big, jolly and athletic. Has lots of “go.” In his college work does his best but does not study too much. Above all he is true to himself and his friends. S.

[We know who that is.]

First my ideal college boy must be a Christian young man, a good student, an athlete—and above all not conceited. My ideal college boy is not one who believes every girl in the school thinks he is “the only one.” Let him be a good conversationalist—awake to the topics of the day. I should like him to be a musician. And lastly let him be always ready for emergencies.

LITTLE SISTER.

[Well! We hope you may find him, but be sure he can play “There’s Just One Girl.”]

LETTER TO AUNT BETSEY.

Aunt Betsey:

This month the girls are getting out an extra edition of YE RECORDER. I laid my case before the “Business Manager” and after contributing quite a large sum to the paper she promised to publish this letter.

The girls in P. S. U. seem to get along so well under your instruction that I am confident you can help me.

I have been having hard luck this term, I believe all the teachers are down on me. The other day in Prof. Boyer’s room, during one of his lectures to the Cæsar class, he said he had some students that he wanted his zoology class to classify, and he looked directly at me. A few days after, while reciting to the Dean, he aimed that little black pointer at me and said, “Stop right there!” which was just what I was going to do, only I wanted to do it gracefully. When I went to Prof. Wilson for Trig., he said, “What are you coming here for? this is not in your course.” I said, “Will you please tell me what my course is?” He said, “No, we haven’t classified

you yet.” In the afternoon I went to German. It was a beautiful day outside, and I was thinking how delightful it would be to go wheeling, when Mrs. Nessenson asked me a question. I stopped only a second to think whether it was *der*, *die*, or *das Hund*, and she said, “What’s the matter with you, Mr. B. . . . ? Your mind doesn’t seem to be here. You don’t act like a University Student.” I was glad when the hour was passed. My next recitation was to Prof. Morse. I went in, arranged myself comfortably in a back seat, but there was to be no peace for me. Prof. Morse said, “See here, B. . . . , Pump up your tires, and tell us what you know about the first three pages of today’s lesson.” When school was over I started to my room, but met one of the girls on the third floor and stopped to chat a while, but just then Miss Herriott’s door opened and I hastened on.

Then I thought I would go wheel-riding and forget my cares, but the very girls that I like have no wheels, and at this time my resources are at a very low ebb.

I am utterly discouraged, and I want you to help me. I shall be perfectly frank with you and make my questions plain.

1. Do you think it proper to take a young lady to an ice cream parlor and get a five-cent dish?

2. Do you know of anyone who would like to loan a ladies’ wheel for its keep?

3. Could you furnish me with five or six bouquets of California Poppies at Commencement time?

4. Do you think it is inconsistent for me to want my lunch promptly at noon so that I can go over to the study room?

I shall feel very, very grateful to you if you will answer these questions privately and as soon as possible.

Yours in distress,

ONE OF THE BOYS.

Stranger:—“Have any of your students wings?”

Teacher:—“No, why do you ask?”

Stranger:—“They start at the bottom of the stairs and I never hear them until they reach the top floor.”

LOCALS.

Vacation has come and gone.

The new term began April 4th.

Mr. Warren is not in school this term.

Of all nobles Miss P-a-e prefers an Earl.

The dean is going to learn to ride a wheel.

Miss Drake has been ill with the mumps.

Carl Morgan is a new student at the P. S. U.

Mr. Pittmon, translating Latin, "The wife of Juno."

Mr. Sheafe would like to be informed what his name is.

Miss Olive Temple visited among old friends the 8th inst.

Mr. T., talking in a low voice to Miss D-v-s, "My heart is broken."

Some one please whisper to J. L. that walking is 'good exercise.

There will be six graduates from the Academy this year, all of whom are girls.

C. W.'s ride a few weeks ago was too much for him—he has not been seen since.

The Seniors of the Academic department are holding splendid athletic meets each week.

Mr. Sheafe, in Greek class, "What?"

Prof. P.: "If I had hold of you I would let you know what."

Miss L. H. has had a great sufficiency of walking to do during the past week. Prof. says it is healthful.

Mr. Marsh draws straws by which to decide some very complex questions, such as taking the girls home, etc.

Miss Bertha Kern, a former student of the P. S. U., is teaching a six months' term of school near Mount Vernon.

Miss B., in staff meeting, "Miss Chairman, I just now met Mr. Anderson in the hall, and—." Loud applause.

"What good is the study of surveying to a girl?"

Prof.: "To learn the longest distance home."

Teachers and classmates have missed Miss Wilcox from her classes this month and we regret to say that she is still on the sick list.

C. M. and W. L. keep balls, flat irons and other musical instruments in their room—for the purpose of exercising their muscles.

Mr. P.: "I caught cold last night while debating with Mr. Anderson."

Prof. B.: "It surely wasn't a very warm debate."

The Dean, translating Latin, "Deep are the groans of our fathers."

Orange-man under the window: "Or—an—ges."

Prof. in algebra class: "Mr. A., you may explain that."

Mr. A.: "I invented a rule for myself and I can't explain it."

Miss B.: "Prof. P. forgot his rubbers."

Miss L.: "Yes, I wonder if he made a mistake and took mine."

C. A. T.'s strength has been greatly improved by the fact that he is able to build and rebuild fires to out do any other student of the German class.

Occasionally we take second-hand instruments in exchange for new Guitars. Mandolines or Banjos. These we offer at very low prices. Maybe we have a bargain that you want. Better come and see. Tayler's Music Store 910 C St.

Why does Mr. Arnold want to know so much about carpets?

Prof. M.:—"Miss Lawrence, are you acquainted with Mr. Botsford?"

Miss L.:—"I have seen him."

Large and elegant line of spring and midsummer millinery at Miss Tutton's, 771 C Street, Chamber of Commerce building.

Why do the third story steps remind one of ancient chivalry?

Because a knight stands there with his Shield before him.

A German student, rushing frantically from a meat market to talk to some P. S. U. students on the outside:—"Say, what do you call beefsteak when it is all chopped up?"

German teacher:—"When I tell you that you have a good lesson, how do you feel?"

Miss P-a-se:—"I don't know, you've never told me that."

Hall Boy to Miss H.:—"Do you believe in spiritualism?"

Miss H.:—"I never have, but when I see wood boxes flying through the air I am persuaded that the evil one is about."

It is strange that mechanical drawing of circles will bring tears of fond remembrance to the eyes of Miss Herriott and awaken reminiscences of the sweet long ago. "It might have been worse."

Mr. B-c-h:—"What shall we bring for refreshments?"

Miss T.:—"Ten cents' worth of whatever you like best."

Mr. B.:—"Then I'll bring Miss Drake."

Why was Miss Druse glad when the vacation was over?

Because she upset a meat pie, burned up two garments of wearing apparel, set her hair on fire, and was afraid something more serious would happen if school did not begin.

The new term has opened with several nightmare experiences. It may have been the effect of computing trigonometric functions that made Mr. Anderson see visions. He slept and dreamed, and to his dreaming came the conviction that he had been an idiot for three years. Well, we can only say that it might have been worse, for it might have been so.

Mr. Pittmon also dreamed and if any one wants to know how a steam locomotive running at the rate of 40 miles a minute, can be gotten back into place after it has jumped the track—just ask Mr. Pittmon how he manipulated the wheel-barrow.

It is reported as a fact that both the drowsy gentlemen are searching for a dream interpreter and are anxiously consulting the almanacs. We would advise earlier hours and less clamchowder.

Between bed time and midnight,

When the shadows do heavily creep,
Comes a break in the night's dull silence,

When all people are trying to sleep.

For down from the boys' dormitory

Comes a sound, echoing far through
the halls,

Which might be mistook for a Freshie

Just learning to climb up the walls.

But no, for the sound grows still louder,

'Tis a bumping, peculiar thing,

It jumps and it hops about wildly,

And the halls echo loud with the ring.

And then all is hushed and there is
silence.

For once—only once in the night

Does this terror producing old creature

Come forth on its terrible flight.

It is something so round and so heavy,

It's color is black I am told,

'Tis for the exercising of muscle,

And will never, oh never, be sold.

Don't ask what it is, for I tell you [here

Its name cannot be e'en mentioned

Only in chapel time is it e'er talked of,

And then there is shaking and fear.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Mr. Medcalf spent vacation at his home in Montesano.

Miss Ethel Revelle spent vacation week with friends at Edmunds.

Miss Carrie Shahan spent vacation at Cedarhome and New Whatcom.

Clyde Thompson spent Friday and Saturday of last week in Seattle.

Invitations have been issued for a tea at the home of Miss Shields on April 19.

Some of the students attended a literary social at Central Church on April 13.

Harold Lawrence visited his sisters for two or three days at the beginning of the term.

The Misses Lawrence returned from their home in Seattle in time to attend the District Epworth League Convention.

On the fifth of March Messrs. Botsford and Thompson, and the Misses Lawrence and Druse spent a very pleasant evening with Miss Wilcox at her home in the North End.

Earl McKenzie, the freshman who entered school last term, was initiated by mysterious ceremonies into the P. S. U. club of the P. S. U., and is now one of the wisest of the "Screech Owls." The initiation ceremony took place at the home of Miss Berkman. Afterward a reception was given Mr. McKenzie at the home of Mr. Chaplin. The evening was spent in games and music. Refreshments were served, after which the following toasts were given, the M. P. W. O. acting as toast master: "College Societies," Emery Chaplin; "The P. S. U. Club," Miss Herriott; "The New Owl," E. T. Pittmon. Mr. McKenzie responded to the last toast with a few well chosen words, showing the wisdom of even a newly fledged owl.

Orphelian Notes.

A very enthusiastic body of students attended the meeting of the Orphelian Literary Society Friday afternoon. The occasion was the election of officers for the present term. Those elected were:

President—Earl L. McKenzie.

Vice-President—Arthur L. Marsh.

Chaplin—Edwin T. Pittmon.

Secretary—Edith G. Berkman.

Ass't Secretary—Ethel Revelle.

Treasurer—Clyde A. Thompson.

Chorister—Ethel Lawrence.

Sergeant-at-Arms—Clinton Medcalf.

Critic—Pearle Drake.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

This beautiful spring weather is awakening the P. S. U. boys to a sense of again taking their position on the athletic field. Last year our boys won their laurels in football, and we are all now awaiting the outcome of the baseball team recently organized. All colleges have their sports as well as their hard work during study hours. And let it not once be said that the boys of the P. S. U. are not up well in both mental and physical training.

Drive the ball a'right, boys,

Send it on a curve,

Strike with all your might, boys,

Tho 'tis thought you have your nerve!

When there's a base to make, boys,

Make it on the run,

Those who reach the goal, boys,

Are first to have the fun.

F. B. Mc. is now ready to give instruction as to wheel riding. His latest hit was one afternoon a few weeks ago, when he, much to her astonishment, made a beautiful curve to where a young lady was standing. C. L. S. can testify to his perfect ability as an instructor.

The truest self respect is not to think of one's self.—H. W. Beecher.

THE CHARGE OF THE GIRLS' BRIGADE

Half a page, half a page,
Half a page and over.
All in the blackest print
On the last cover.
Telling the girls' ages.
"Charge to the boys!" they said;
Anderson and Clyde and Marsh
Even Pittmon blundered.

There in print behold your age!
Was there a girl dismayed?
Not though the ages showed
In average years six hundred!
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to talk and try,
To find what record the boys went by.
Everybody wondered.

Ages to right of them,
Ages to left of them,
All but Miss Herriott's;
Badly they wrote, not well;
Left blanks where they could not spell,
Marsh and Clyde and Anderson,
Pittmon, business manager.

Flashed all their eyes with rage,
Flashed as they turned the page,
And saw the story of their age,
All the school wondered;
Plunged in the reckless joke,
Wishing Anderson's pen had broke,
Vertical or Spencerian,
Stopped without a single stroke,
Then they smiled,—but never at those
boys.

Voices to right of them,
Voices to left of them,
Voices behind them,
Scolded and scolded;
Stormed at by every girl,
Their pen and paper fail,
Apologizing no avail,

All that is left of the tale,
Left—of Anderson, Pittmon, and Marsh
And Thompson, the traitor.

When can the story fade?
O the mistake they made!
How the school wondered.
Sad, sad mistake they made!
To tell all the girls' ages,
Dreadfully they blundered.

—E. G. B.



EXCHANGE.

A SOFT REPLY.

"Pa," said Willie, on returning from school, "is Latin a dead language?"

"Yes, my son," replied Mr. Busyman.

"What did it die of, pa?"

"I don't know, my son," said Mr. Busyman, with a sigh. "I fancy it was talked to death."—Harper's Bazaar.

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN—The aged white farmer trudged along the highway, bearing a heavy basket on to the market-place. At intervals he set the basket down and stopped to rest. At the tavern the aged man put his burden on the step and went inside for a moment. The chirps of the fowls under the covering of the basket attracted the attention of a colored traveller. * * * *

The door opened and the aged farmer reappeared. He looked in vain for his heavy basket. The black man had taken up the white man's burden.—Harper's Bazaar.

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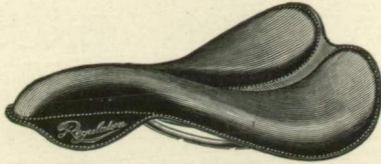
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

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